

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

DANCING AND DANCERS.

WHILE Tory genius boasts of its poetic Wilson, and ornithology of his brother, and the fine arts of Wilson "the English Claude," the minor graces insist upon having their Wilson too in the person of the eminent Mr Thomas Wilson, author of several dramatic pieces, and inductor of ladies and gentlemen into the shapely and salutary art of dancing.

This old, though doubtless at the same time ever-young acquaintance of ours, who has done us the honour for several years past of making us acquainted with his movements, and inviting us to his balls, which it has not been our good fortune to be able to attend, always sends us, with his invitations, a placard of equal wit and dimensions, in which he takes patriotic occasion to set forth the virtues of his art. He does not affect to despise its ordinary profits, income-wards. That would be a want of candour, unbefitting the intireness of his wisdom. On the contrary, dancing being a liberal art, he is studious to inculcate an equally liberal acknowledgment on the part of those who are indebted to it. But being a man of a reflective turn of leg, and great animal spirits, he omits no opportunity of shewing how good his art is for the happiness as well as the graces of his countrymen, how it renders them light of spirit as well as body, shakes melancholy out of their livers, and will not at all suffer them to be gouty. Nay, he says it is their own faults if they grow old.

We hardly dare to introduce, abruptly, the remarks on this head which form the commencement of his present year's *Exposé*. But the energy of Mr Wilson's philanthropy forces its way through his elegancies; the good to be done is a greater thing, in his mind, even than the graces with which he invests it; and in answer to his question, "Why don't every body dance?" he says, in a passion of sincerity which sweeps objection away with it,—"Because the English prefer the pleasures of the table and sedentary amusements, with their gout, apoplexy, shortness of breath, spindle-shanks, and rum-puncelon bellies," (pardon us, O Bacchus of Anacreon!) "to the more wholesome and healthy recreation of dancing. If you ask a person of fifty (says he) to take a dance, the usual reply is, 'My dancing days are gone by; it's not fit amusement for people of my time of life,' and such like idle cant; for idle cant it really is, as these pretences are either made as excuses for idleness, or to comply with the usual fastidious customs of the day. They manage things better in France, as Yorick says; for it would be quite as difficult, amongst that polite and social people, to find a person of fifty who did not dance, as it is in gloomy, cold, calculating Old England, to find one who has good sense enough to laugh at these fastidious notions, with a sufficient stock of social animal spirits to share in this polite and exhilarating amusement. Moreover, if we wanted a sanction to continue to dance as long as we are able, I could here give a list (had I room) of a hundred eminent persons, who did not consider it a disgrace to dance, even at a very advanced age; amongst the number, Socrates, one of the wisest men and greatest philosophers that ever lived, used to dance for his exercise and amusement when he was upwards of seventy. Read this, ye gormands and card-players of fifty, and if you are wise, and would

leave the gout, and a thousand other ills beside you, come and sport a toe with me, at 18, Kirby street, Hatton garden:—

For you'll meet many there, who to doctors ne'er go,
Who enjoy health and spirit, from sporting a toe;
Who neither want powder, pill, mixture, nor lotion,
But a partner and fiddle to set them in motion."

Truly, we fear that the tip-end of Mr Wilson's indignant bow strikes hard upon many a venerable gout, and that these dancing philosophers of Kirby street have the advantage of a great many otherwise sage people who take pills instead of exercise, and think to substitute powders and lotions for those more ancient usages, yeleft the laws of the universe. Such, as Mr Wilson tells us, was the philosophy of Socrates. There can be no doubt of it; it was the philosophy of all his countrymen, the Greeks, with whom dancing formed a part of their very worship, and who had figures accordingly, fit to go to church and thank heaven with. Bacchus himself, with them, was a dancer, and a slender-waisted young gentleman. Such was also the philosophy of Mr Wilson's brother poet, Soame Jenyns, a lively old gentleman of the last century, who wrote a poem on the "Art of Dancing," from which Mr Wilson should give us some extracts in his next placard; (we wish we had it by us); and what is curious, and shows how accustomed these saltatory sages are to consider the interests of the whole human being, spiritual as well as bodily, Mr Jenyns had a poetical precursor on that subject, who was no less a personage than a chief justice in the time of Elizabeth,—Sir John Davies, and who, like himself, wrote also on religious matters, and the Immortality of the Soul. Sir John, however, appears not to have sufficiently practised his own precepts, for he died of apoplexy at fifty-seven,—a very crude and juvenile age, according to Mr Wilson. But then he was a lawyer, and injudicious enough to be a judge,—to sit bundled up in cloth and ermine, instead of dancing in a "light cymar." Again, there was Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor in the time of Elizabeth, who is said to have absolutely danced himself into that venerable position, through a series of extraordinary steps of court favour, commencing in a ball-room,—and not improbably either; for, like some of his great brethren in that office, Sir Christopher appears to have been a truly universal genius, able, "like the elephant's trunk," to pick up his pin as well as knock down his tiger, and it is not to be wondered at if sovereigns sometimes get at a knowledge of the profounder faculties of a man, through the medium of his more entertaining ones. The Chancellor, however, appears to have turned his dancing to no better account, ultimately, than the Justice; for they say he died prematurely of a broken heart, because the queen pressed him for a debt,—an end worthier of a courtier than of a sage and dancer. This it is to acquire legal habits, and "make the worse appear the better reason," even to one's-self. Hatton should have been above his law, and stuck to his legs,—to his natural understanding, as a punster would call it; and then nothing would have overthrown him. Gray, with a poet's license, represents him as dancing after he was Chancellor. It is a pity it was not true.

My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
His seal and maces danc'd before him.
His high crown'd hat and satin doublet
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.
Sir Christopher bequeathed his name to Hatton Garden; so that Mr Wilson resides in fit neighbourhood, and doubtless has visions of cavaliers and maids of honour in ruffs, "sporting their toes" through his dreams by night.

Our artist's vindication of the juvenility of dancers at fifty, reminds us of a pleasant realization we experienced the other day of a stage joke, nay, of a great improvement on it,—a Romance of Real Life. In one of Colman's farces, an old man hearing another called old, and understanding he was only forty, exclaims "Forty! quite a boy!" We heard this opinion pronounced upon a man of sixty, by an old gentleman, who, we suppose, must be eighty, or thereabouts. It was in an omnibus, in which he was returning from a city dinner, jovial and toothless, his rosy gills gracing his white locks; an Anacreon in broad-cloth. Some friend of his was telling him of the death of an acquaintance, and in answer to his question respecting the cause of it, said he did not know, but that the deceased was "sixty years of age." The remark seemed hardly to be an indiscretion in the ears of the venerable old boy, he considered it so very inapplicable. "Sixty!" cried he, with a lisp that was really robust; "well, that's nothing you know, compared with life. Why, he was quite a boy."

Wilson. This must have been a dancer.

Edit. Or a rider.

W. Well, horseback is a kind of dancing.

Edit. Or a walker.

W. Well, walking is dancing too; that is to say, good walking. You know, my dear sir, people are said to "walk a minuet."

Edit. But they say dancers are not good walkers.

W. How, sir! Dancers not good walkers!! It is true, I must allow in candour, that some professional dancers are apt to turn out their toes a little too much; but not all, my dear sir—not the best: and, as to dancers in general, I will affirm, *neo periculo* (as the philosopher says), they walk exquisitely—*à la merveille*. Come and see my dancers walking into the ball-room, or my new dance of the "Rival Beauties;" "thirty young ladies," sir, all moving to the sweet and peaceful battle at once. See how they walk, my dear sir. You would never forget it.

Edit. I shall never forget it, as it is, Mr Wilson. I see it, in imagination, painted in the beautiful red letters of your placard, and do not wonder that you are a man in request for Richmond parties, and records of it in verse.

Here Mr Wilson finishes the dialogue with a bow, to which it would be bad taste and an anti-climax to reply. There is a final and triumphant silence of eloquence, to which nothing can be said.

To return to the matter of age. There can be no doubt that dancers of fifty are a very different sort of quinquagenarians from sitters of fifty, and that men of the same age often resemble each other in no other respect. "The same is not the same." Some people may even be said to have begun life over again, at a time when the dissipated and the sullen are preparing to give it up. It is not necessary to mention such cases as those of Old Parr. Marmontel—

a man of letters, of taste and fancy, and therefore, it is to be presumed, of no very coarse organization—married at fifty-six, and, after living happily with a family born to him, died at the age of seventy-seven. But though a man of letters, and living at a period when there was great license of manners, to which his own had formed no very rigid exception—he had led, upon the whole, a natural life, and was temperate. Besides, Nature is very indulgent to those who do not violently contradict her with artificial habits, excesses of the table, or sullen thoughts. She hates alike the extremes, not of cheerfulness, but of *Comus* and of *Melancholy*. A venerable gentleman of Norfolk, now living, married and had an heir born to his estate at a venerable age, which nobody thought of treating with jests of a certain kind; for he also had been a denizen of the natural world, and was as young, with good sense and exercise, as people of half his age—far younger than many. We remember the face of envying respect and astonishment with which the news was received by “a person of wit and honour about town” (now deceased), in whose company we happened to be at the moment, and who might have been his son three or four times over.

Query—at what age must a person take to venerable manners, and consent to look old if he does not feel so? Mr Wilson will say, “when he is forced to leave off dancing.” And there is a definite notion in that. If any one, therefore, wishes to have precise ideas on this point, and behave himself as becomes his real, not his chronological, time of life, we really think he cannot do better than study in Kirby street, or at Willis's, and learn to know at what age it becomes him to be reverend, or how long he may continue laughing at those who remonstrate with him because they hobble. Linnaeus, in his travels, gives an account—ludicrous in the eyes of us spectators of the staid and misgiving manners of people at the same time of life—of two Laplanders who accompanied him on some occasion (we forget what), but who carried bundles for him, and had otherwise reason for being tired, the way being long. One of them was fifty, the other considerably older; yet what did these old boys, at the close of their journey, but, instead of sitting down and resting themselves, begin laughing and running about *after one another*, like a couple of antediluvian children, as if they had just risen! They wanted nothing but pinafores, and a mother remonstrating with them for not coming and having their hairs combed.

Most people are astonished, perhaps, as they advance beyond the period of youth and middle life, at not finding themselves still older; and, if they took wise advantage of this astonishment, they would all live to a much greater age. It is equally by not daring to be too young nor consenting to be too old, that men keep themselves in order with Nature, and in heart with her. We kill ourselves before our time, alike with artificial irregularities and melancholy resentments. We hasten age with late hours, and the table, and want of exercise; and hate it, and make it worse when it comes, with bad temper and inactive regrets.

A boy of ten thinks he shall be in the prime of life when he is twenty, and (as lives go) he is so; though, when he comes to be twenty, he shoves off his notion of the prime to thirty, then to thirty-five, then to forty; and when, at length, he is forced to own himself no longer young, he is at once astonished to think he has been young so long, and angry to find himself no younger. This would be hardly fair upon the indulgence of Nature, if Nature supplied us with education as well as existence, and the world itself did not manifestly take time to come to years of discretion. In the early ages of the world, the inability to lead artificial lives was the great cause of longevity; as in future ones, it is to be hoped, the appreciation of the natural life will bring men round to it. It would have put the pastoral, patriarchal people sadly out to keep late hours at night, and to sit after dinner “pushing about” the milk!

Nature, in the mean time, acts with her usual good-natured instinct, and makes the best of a bad business; rather, let us say, produces it in order to produce a better, and to enable us to improve upon

her early world. She has even something good to say in behalf of the ill-health of modern times and the rich delicacy of its perceptions; so that we might be warranted in supposing that she is ever improving, even when she least appears to be so; and that your pastoral longevity, though a good pattern in some respects for that which is to come, had but a poor milk-and-water measure of happiness, compared with the wine and the intellectual movement of us intermediate strugglers. At all events, the measure, somehow or other, may be equal—and the difference only a variety of sameness. And there is much comfort in that reflection, and a great difficulty solved in it. Only Nature, after all, still incites us to look forward; and, whether it be for the sake of real or of apparent change, forward we must look, and look heartily, taking care to realize all the happiness we can, as we go. This seems the true mode of keeping all our faculties in action—all the inevitable thoughts given to man, of past, present, and future; and, with this grave reflection, we conclude our present dance under Mr Wilson's patronage, intending to have another with him before long; and gravely, as well as gaily, recommending his very useful art, meanwhile, to all lovers of health, grace, and sociability.

Why do not people oftener get up dances at home, and without waiting for the ceremony of visitors and the drawback of late hours? It would be a great addition to the cheerfulness and health of families.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 3d, to Tuesday the 9th September.

We have taken our country entertainment this week from our old and often-plundered friend, Mr Howitt, (who can well afford it), and have followed up the extract with vindications of the dignity of another friend of ours, not in so high a class of things poetical, but far too lightly esteemed; to wit, the Elder tree. We take them, partly from the ‘*Sylvia*’ of Cowley's friend, Evelyn, one of the most learned vindicators of plants vernacular, and partly from Evelyn's friend, Mr Phillips, (who by the way, as an Irish critic would remark, ought to quote him, when he does so).

MR HOWITT ON SEPTEMBER.

The orchards are affluent of pears, plums and apples; and the hedges are filled with the abundance of their wild produce, crabs, black glossy clusters of privet, blackthorn and elder-berries, which furnish the farmer with a cordial cup on his return from market on a winter's eve, and blackberries, reminding us of the Babes in the Wood.

Their little hands with blackberries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

The hedge rows are also brightened with a profusion of scarlet berries of hips, haws, honeysuckles, viburnum, and bryony. The fruit of the mountain-ash, woody night-shade, and wild service, is truly beautiful; nor are the violet-hued sloes and bullaces, or the crimson, mossy excrescences of the wild rose-tree, insignificant objects amid the autumnal splendour of the waning year.

Notwithstanding the decrease of the day, the weather of this month is, for the most part, splendidly calm; and Nature, who knows the most favourable moment to display all her works, has now instructed the geometric spider to form its radiated circle on every bush, and the gossamer spider to hang its silken threads on every blade of grass. We behold its innumerable filaments glittering with dew in the morning, and sometimes, such is the immense quantity of this secretion, that it may be seen floating in a profusion of tangled webs in the air, and cording our clothes as we walk in the fields, as with cotton. These little creatures, the gossamer spiders, it has long been known, have the faculty of throwing out several of their threads on each side, which serve them as a balloon to buoy them up into the air. With these they sail into the higher regions of the atmosphere, or return with greater velocity. By recent experiments it appears that the spider and its web are not, as it was supposed, of less specific gravity than the air, and by that means ascend. The phenomenon has been supposed to be electrical; but this is doubtful. It yet requires explanation.

There is now a brightness of the sky, and a diaphanous purity of the atmosphere, at once surprising and delightful. We remark with astonishment, how perfectly and distinctly the whole of the most exten-

sive landscape lies in varied, solemn beauty, before us; while, such is the reposing stillness of nature, that not a sound disturbs the sunny solitude, save perhaps the clapping of pigeons' wings, as they rise from the stubble. The clearness of vision may partly arise from the paucity of vapour ascending from the ground at this dry season, and partly from the eye being relieved from the intensity of splendour with which it is oppressed in summer; but be it what it may, the fact has not escaped one of our most beautiful poets:—

“There is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.”

Now it is delightful among mountains. Mountains! How one's heart leaps up at the very word! There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful, that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkling of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, imitable picture!

At this season of the year, the ascents of our own mountains are become most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains, knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flower, the glowing moss, the richly-tinted lichens at his feet; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain plover, the raven, or the eagle; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summits; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges, of every varied hue,—but all silent as images of eternity: and cast his gaze over lakes, and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands, to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty,—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

[This is rather a rash assertion on Mr Howitt's part, but luckily he has disproved it so well in all the rest of his book, that we need say nothing further about it.]

EVELYN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ELDER TREE.

This makes a considerable fence, if set of reasonable lusty truncheons, much like the willow, and (as I have seen them maintained) laid with great curiosity. These far excel those extravagant plantations of them about London, where the tops are permitted to grow without due and skilful laying. There is a sort of Elder which has hardly any pith; this makes exceedingly stout fences, and the timber very useful for cogs of mills, butchers' skewers, and such tough employments. Old trees do in time become firm, and close up the hollowness to an almost invisible pith. But if the medicinal properties of the leaves, bark, berries, &c. were thoroughly known, I cannot tell what our countryman could ail, for which he might not fetch a remedy from every hedge, either for sickness or wound. The inner bark of Elder, applied to any burning, takes out the fire immediately: that, or in season the buds, boiled in water gruel for a breakfast, has effected wonders in a fever; and the decoction is admirable to assuage inflammations and tetterous humours, and especially the scurvy (scurvy). But an extract, or theriaca (so famous in the poem of ‘*Nicander*’), may be composed of the berries, which is not only efficacious to eradicate this epidemical inconvenience, and greatly to assist longevity, but is a kind of catholicon against all infirmities whatever; and of the same berries is made an incomparable spirit, which, drunk by itself, or mingled with wine, is not only an excellent drink, but admirable in the dropsy. In a word, the water of the leaves and berries is approved in the dropsy, every part of the tree being useful, as may be seen at large in *Bloewitzius's Anatomy* thereof. The ointment made with the young buds and leaves in May, with butter, is most sovereign for aches, shrunk sinews, hemorrhoids, &c.; and the flowers, macerated in vinegar, not only are of grateful relish, but good to attenuate and cut raw and gross humours. Lastly, the fungus (which we call *Jew's-ears*), decocted in milk, or macerated in vinegar, is of known effect in the angina

and sores of the throat. And less than this I could not say (with the leave of the charitable physician), to gratify our poor woodman; and yet, when I have said all this, I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air; and therefore, though I do not undertake that all things which sweeten the air are salubrious, nor all ill savours pernicious, yet, as not for its beauty,* so neither for its smell, would I plant Elder near my habitation; since we learn from Biesius ('De Aeris Potestate'), that a certain house in Spain, seated among many Elder trees, diseased and killed all the inhabitants; which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very wholesome and healthy place. The Elder does likewise produce a certain green fly, almost invisible, which is exceedingly troublesome, and gathers a fiery redness where it attacks.

BOERHAAVE AND MR. PHILLIPS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

So far Evelyn. But this is nothing to the veneration, which Mr Phillips, in his 'History of Fruits,' says was entertained for the Elder tree by the famous physician Boerhaave, who "seldom passed it without taking off his hat;" and as to its ill scent, and its hurtfulness as a shade, hear what is delivered by the same welcome historian, besides additional testimony to its virtues:—

"Sir J. E. Smith has remarked that this tree is, as it were, a whole magazine of physic to rustic practitioners."

"It is said, that if sheep that have the rot can get at the bark and young shoots of Elder, they will soon cure themselves."

"The wine made from Elder berries is too well known by families in the country, to need any encomiums; it is the only wine the cottager can procure, and when well made, is a most excellent and wholesome drink, taken warm before going to bed. It causes gentle perspiration, and is a mild opiate."

"If a rich syrup be made from ripe Elder berries, and a few bitter almonds, when added to brandy, it has all the flavour of the very best cherry brandy."

"The white Elder berries, when ripe, make wine much resembling grape wine."

"The buds and the young tender shoots are greatly admired as pickle."

"The leaves of the Elder tree are often put into the subterranean paths of moles, to drive those noxious little animals from the garden. If fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or other vegetables, be whipped with the green leaves of the Elder branches, it is said that insects will not attach themselves to them. An infusion of these leaves in water is good to sprinkle over rose-buds, and other flowers subject to blight and the devastations of caterpillars."

"The whole plant has a narcotic smell, and it is thought not prudent to sleep under its shade. It is probable that this tree, particularly when in blossom, may inhale more impure air than any others of slower growth. This would naturally be exhaled in the night, and possibly to the injury of those who continued to breathe the immediate air of the tree; but the author has resided in a cottage nearly surrounded with these trees, without perceiving any ill effects, although his children were daily playing and sitting beneath their shade, at a time when the branches were covered with blossom."

In short, the only circumstances we find against the character of the Elder tree are, that it is injurious to poultry, and the last thing which animals in general will brouse upon. But so are many other things, very good for men, and for animals too, in other ways. Elder might be kept out of the farm or cottage yard; but it is admirable everywhere else,—handsome, luxuriant, most useful,—a treasure, both in sight and substance, to the *English village*,—a capital comforter, and sender to bed, of tired and dried-up faculties,—(try a hot glass of it with toast),—in fine, the *Bearded Bacchus* himself,—for this doubtless is the meaning of the word Elder.

* How! "not for its beauty!" Strange misgiving on the part of the unmisgiving Evelyn. An Elder tree is not so handsome as a lilac or syringa; but it is surely very handsome, and has a wholesome, buxom, half-brown look with it, very pastoral and rustic. Its thick blossoms are handsome in spring, and its black berries in autumn.—Ed.

Useless Resentment.—Give no expression, and, as far as you can avoid it, give no place in your mind, to useless resentment; not even where you feel that you are calumniated. If you are accused of bad conduct, past or intended, and it is in your power to disprove the accusation, do not fly into a passion, but give disproofs; to fly into a passion is naturally a guilty man's sole and therefore natural resource; disproofs are the only means of distinguishing your case from that of a guilty man.—*Bentham*.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXXV.—ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHSDALE FROM THE TOWER.

This is another story of the Scotch rebellion against the succession of the House of Hanover, and is taken from the same book that furnished us with our romances of last week. As an interesting subject is apt to make us wish to know more of it, or to refresh our memories if we knew it before, we thought the reader would not dislike to see another specimen of the stirring adventures of that period. The Countess of Nithsdale, whose courageous affection saved the life of her husband, has had a sister heroine in our own times in the person of the Countess Lavalette, who, though she succeeded also as far as her husband was concerned, appears to have had an ultra-sensibility of temperament which risked more of her own peace, and thus enhanced the merit of the daring, for she is understood to have lost her senses in consequence of the alarm she underwent. The other day, meeting with one of those delightful old editions of the *Spectator*, the plain and sober type of which renders them so much pleasanter to read than the modern sharply cut letters and glaring paper, we rejoiced to open it upon a vignette representing the famous vacation of the town of Hensberg, when the Emperor Conrad the Third, who besieged it, gave permission to the female inhabitants to quit the place, taking with them as much as they could carry. Accordingly, they issued forth, each carrying her husband, which so affected the Emperor that he shed tears, pardoned the town, and took the Duke of Bavaria, who commanded it, into favour. Our present subject reminded us of the vignette, and the vignette induced us to read the paper containing the story over again, which so much gratified us, that it has made us devote one of our specimens of celebrated authors to it this week. We hope nobody will complain of the commonness of the admirable work from which it is taken, nor fancy that we do it to "fill up," which most assuredly we do not. We are more perplexed with abundance of materials, than the want of them. But commonly as the *Spectator* is to be met with, the circle of readers has been so largely and suddenly extended of late years, that there are, doubtless, many persons, capable of enjoying it, who are better acquainted with it by name than by its contents; and to such as know it well, we can only say that we hope they are as glad to see a choice bit of it again as we are, and to perceive the new beauties which are ever developing themselves to one's eyes as we advance in life and become more capable of appreciating the wit and knowledge of these fine writers. But to our romance.

The Earl of Nithsdale (says our authority) was one of those who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to decapitation; but, by the extraordinary ability and admirable dexterity of his Countess, he escaped out of the Tower on the evening before his intended execution, and died at Rome, 1744. The subjoined narrative of the manner in which his escape was effected is so full of interest, that the reader can hardly be displeased at its length, more particularly as it exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to despondency and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection and the thousand apprehensions or anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that those sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet, even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise; and, in the present case, we have the testimony of Lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail of her narrative will shew how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

Extract of a letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustines Nuns at Bruges:—

"On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thurs-

day, a petition was to be presented to the House of Lords. . . . The subject of the debate was whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament. . . . As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and I acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly as the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, on my first opening my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan, for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and in going I begged her to send me my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's, and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste and fetch me my waiting-maid, she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guard's wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the piteous and most afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had vexed me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made despatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs

with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust him, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself of his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security they conducted him to it.

In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady one message I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in some feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it; I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell, for the night and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case the attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me,—having taken my precautions against all events,—and asked if she were at home; and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would send her grace's woman to me. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I told her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who, they told me, had company with her; and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distress. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted—so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received.

When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were still secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one; some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mr Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian Ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion, the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down with the retinue without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the Captain threw out this reflexion, that the wind could not have served better, if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, your's, most affectionately,

WINIFRED NETHSDALE.

The original MS. of this letter is in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Terregles, a descendant of the noble house of Nethsdale. As a proof of the interest which the public took in the extraordinary adventure which it details, the following memorandum may be quoted. "William Maxwell, Earl of Nethsdale, made his escape from the Tower, Feb. 23, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdales*."

HOPE.

Heartless, she left me on the dazzling height;
I saw far down beneath my feet the strand
Where busy mortals toil from morn till night,
In quest of that for which a bolder flight
On fancy's pinion I had dar'd to make:
My brain whirl'd round, and sick'ning at the sight,
I fell down headlong in the miry lake,

Whence creatures of earth's mould their earthly feelings take.

And now, what am I? grovelling here below,
Link'd to a chain 'twere vain for me to try
To snap asunder. Ever, as I go,
(Unskill'd, as yet, in apathy) I sigh
That thus, almost unfledged, I sought to fly
In quest of what to patient toil is given;
And ever and anon some passer by
Points with his finger, saying, "How he's thriven,
That sought with seraphim to build his nest in heaven."

F. ST JOHN N.

[These are good lines; the last is a fine one. But why seek to build a nest in heaven alone? Why not begin with earth,—with a nest upon the ground, like the lark, lowly, and like a creature made partly for earth; and so vindicate the heavenly part of one's nature at due season, and rise on our wings and enjoy all the Nature around us? By hoping too much, we realize nothing. By realizing something first, we may hope and enjoy as we go, *ad infinitum*. Or, if we have yet realized nothing, why waste time and spirit in regret, instead of setting our shoulders to the wheel, and vindicating our right to have been mistaken by our hearty resolution to make up for it?]

OUR READERS WHISKED TO THE CONTINENT,

[In Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy;—specimens of which are here continued from our last.]

Farewell to an old Sojourn.—It was a delightful day this last one. We dined again in the dear old room, with the kind-hearted Luigi Sada waiting on us, guessing our thoughts and anticipating our wishes. This mirror of gardeners, is one of the many things that we regret in quitting Belaggio; we shall long remember his fine intelligent countenance, his dark Italian eyes, kindling with the strong expression of real feeling, as he bade us farewell,—kissing our hands with all the natural grace and kindly warmth of his country. Good Luigi! we shall, I hope, all meet again under the shade of the vines, whose rich clusters promise a golden harvest. It would have been delightful to have witnessed the abundant vintage of beautiful Belaggio, and the festive gaiety of its bacchanalia. But it must not be; already the shadows of night draw round us, and shut out the solitudes where we have passed days never to be forgotten. This is not a spot to be left with an every-day feeling of regret; it is not a common paradise of leaves and flowers, but a scene which deeply affects the imagination, and betters the heart. One cannot look from these airy terraces on the beautiful world around, and on that mysteriously sustained heaven, which makes its roof, without feeling the spirit purified, and the soul lifted above those mean aspirations,* which, while they seem to expand the mind, destroy the fine fibrous net-work which sheaths its delicate construction.

I always find the rhetoric of nature more heart-stirring than that of the schools, and I believe the love of nature is one of the affections which linger longest in the heart. How strongly, as we advance in life, is the vanity of those things which we most prized in youth, made manifest; what importance have we given to untried joys and distinctions, and even to the lightest trifles! A little while, and the most solid† amongst them seem like toys, not worth playing with. We find that feelings, opinion, modes, and even hearts change,—everything but nature; she alone is immutable, and for that reason, her spells are often the last broken. We confide in her promises, and know that she will never deceive us; everything else may be false—hope, love, beauty, friendship, fame,—but nature never. If we sow an acorn by the side of a grave, we are sure that an oak will overshadow it; if we return to the country of our birth, changed and forgotten, we find the same hills and streams, and even the same flowers—if man has not disturbed them—which we loved in childhood. Pestum has still its roses, though its tombs have long been swallowed up in the general oblivion. These are the reasons why the love of nature has been known to ripen in the heart, amidst the ashes of other, and once warmer feelings. We love, and lean on things that we know will not break down, or forsake us. Of others—even those that flatter us most—we can too often spell the duration; but we are sure of nature, for she must outlive ourselves.

As we descended the hill, a little girl was coming up, with a flock of refractory sheep under her direction; they were somewhat in our path,—enough, I suppose, she thought, to impede us: for she seized L.—'s arm with gentle violence, and kissed it as he passed, as if she would deprecate his anger by her sweet and humble action.‡

Italian Dancing.—The ballet (at Milan), considered as one of the best, if not the very best in Europe, is just now below mediocrity, as to dancers. The plunging and twisting, this evening applauded to the skies, would at Paris be scarcely tolerated at Franconi's. It was a ballet d'action, interspersed with pirouettes; the story from Lord Byron's *Corsair*, with very beautiful scenery, and a Gulnare, who had some feeling in her mute wretchedness. But *Le Palarina* was absent. I was disappointed, I may almost say, agreeably. I wished to have seen her again, yet recollecting what she had once made me suffer, was almost pleased to escape from the effect of her too powerful acting. It was long before I could shake of the recollection of her *Gabrielle de Vergy*.§ It haunted me like a crime; for many nights, I fell asleep, thinking of the death-shudder, the upright spring, the livid light in the hollow eye, when the cruel present is placed before her. I had read of broken hearts, and believed that such things

* These are the authoress's own italics. We notice the circumstance, because it shows how conscious she is of certain conventional tendencies that beset her by habit, and how superior to them she is by nature.—Ed.

† This, from the pen of a brilliant writer, apparently in possession of all the goods of fortune, is edifying. It is the luck of many of a less abundant lot to remain richer. We can safely assert, for one, that the blessings which appeared to us the most solid in the days of our youth, appear so still; and that we like precisely the same things we did then, without exception.—Ed.

‡ A beautiful impulse, beautifully painted.—Ed.

§ Whose lover's heart was served up to her at supper, by an exasperated husband.—Ed.

had been; but this seemed the reality, the life spring suddenly snapped, just as quick intense agony might have done it. Yet still she has not the touching simplicity of Bigottini; she is more passionate, but perhaps less tender. There were little touches in Bigottini's acting,* so full of truth and feeling, that even Palarina's energetic wretchedness is less deeply affecting.

A Picture with a young Priest in it.—Breakfasted at Voghera, a decent little town, where a young priest seemed chief Adonis, and the peasants carry their poultry and fruit in baskets of a graceful shape, hung on each end of a long pole, which, thus loaded, in suspended across the shoulder; the effect is picturesque, and turns the clowns of Voghera into the classical rustics of Claude or Poussin.

This young priest is very amusing; there is something so naïf and conscious in his beaumont. He salutes the women as they pass with a gracious smile, seasoned with a little touch of protection, but no Tartufferie; I dare say he writes madrigals, and with opportunity, and a friendly Pompadour, might make, in some thirty years hence, a very decent cardinal—à la de Bernis.† Adieu, flower of priesthood! and thanks for the five minutes' amusement your innocent antics have afforded us.

A Priest of another aspect.—A reverend father conveying home the fruits of his vineyard passes on foot, and bows to us courteously, while a friendly smile lights up his countenance. It is a thin kind face, that looks as if its owner would use the gifts of fortune sparingly himself, and share them freely with others; the "bon curé" of Marmontel (a character to which the heart always warms) transferred to Italy, where the heavy stall-fed face or the lank despotic one, is found swelling out or scowling from under the shade of a small three-cornered hat,—self-indulgence, or tyranny, or both, written in every line and wrinkle.‡ Whenever I see a countenance full of benevolent and cheerful feeling in this class of the clergy abroad, I always wish its owner had the home blessings which an affectionate family can alone diffuse—a wife or daughter smiling on his return, or a son sharing his labours and promising to perpetuate his virtues,—or at least that the singleness should be voluntary. It may be said that a parish priest has always an ample field for benevolent exertion. This is true, and he who tills and nourishes it in the spirit of truth and love, is indeed a benediction to his people; but it is hard to have one's path chalked out by others in such near in-door concerns, particularly when the thing is irrevocable.

Italian Villas and their Scenery.—These terraces are one of the most charming features of Genoa. Many of them look upon the gardens and terraces of other houses, others to the mountains, or upon the sea, and some are so high that the street below looks not a span wide, and the passers like figures in a fantoccini. The best apartments are (as usual in Italy) up several flights of stairs, with windows opening on these marble terraces; and from this peculiarity comes, I suppose, the old story that the houses of Genoa are covered with gardens.

There is a great deal of character about the villas which the Genoese hang upon their hills, though the houses seem, in our English eyes, overgrown in proportion to their contracted domains, often little more than two or three terraces, suspended on arches and covered with orange trees, lemons, or acacias, mingled with the dark fig (more magnificent), or the paler olive; but their southern associations give them a colouring of poetry. They do not call up rural images of the familiar kind, such as are awakened by the sight of a hay-field, a green lane, or a thicket of hawthorn; we do not think of Madge or Cicely, of Hodge the ploughman, or the miller's boy, but of downright nymphs of antiquity, and swains to match them; disguised gods, who had much ado to hide their divinity under the shepherd's bonnet, while they sat upon the rocks piping to the fair, half-dressed, statue-like creatures, who peeped out upon them from the orange trees, and were caught in their nets like so many little fishes. Or if the mind flies away from the reprobate gods of old pagan story, as not having enough of intimate reality about them, in steps Shakespeare, leading Juliet and Desdemona, the tender Viola following with love's own smile shining in her eyes, and Beatrice fanning herself with the wing of a parrot. Then come Boccaccio and Da Porto, and Giraldi Cintio, with their legends of love and hate, such as sunny skies and passionate natures engender, and their rainbow tales of sad and joyous spirits.

* Such as blowing out the lights in Clari, after vainly trying to withdraw her eyes from her lover's portrait."—*Author's*. This is a charming evidence of feeling indeed.

† Who rose to the heights of the church on the wings of the French loves and graces, and the favour of Madame de Pompadour!—*Ed.*

‡ We have seen, however, excellent faces among the priesthood of Italy, full of inextinguishable goodness. There are multitudes of bad ones, it is true,—the result of a tyrannical, and what Bonham would call a "lie-compelling" system. We may judge of what sort of character the exceptions must be, that remain good notwithstanding.—*Ed.*

There were certain simple arrangements of words which Madame de Staël could never hear without emotion, such as "*Les oranges du royaume de Grenade, et les citronniers des rois Maures.*"* This seems fanciful, but it was a spring touched, a train of thought awakened, a remembrance, perhaps, of home striking on the heart in the hour of banishment, and sounding as the song of Sion would have done to the wanderers of Judaea, when they sat by the waters of Babylon and wept. I can easily imagine how the mention of orange groves and marble balconies might shake the soul of an Italian exile, who could listen without sympathy to a tale of sorrow unconnected with his own intense recollections.

Tears.—All strong passions, the angry ones excepted,† use the language of tears: I saw a boy in the street this morning remonstrating with a gentleman, who had probably given him less than he expected for some trifling service. I did not understand what they said, but their gestures were sufficiently indicative. The gentleman was inflexible, and the boy burst into tears: they were certainly tears of avarice; he looked well dressed and over-fed, but I never saw disappointed sordidness so legibly expressed as in the glance which he cast upon the modicum in his open palm. There are tears and tears: nothing can be more heart-touching or meaner than tears; how different the tears of my divine Hagar and this snivelling boy!

A Painter well Painted.—I once knew a clever man, who greatly admired Caravaggio, and used to place him on a line with Michael Angelo. Caravaggio too was a genius; one full of strong broad-shouldered ideas; a perturbed and gloomy spirit, throwing his dark soul out upon his canvass with startling effect; but he did not think or feel like Michael Angelo; his genius was not sublime; he painted like a coarse, bad man of monstrous capacity, but not like one who had unsealed the book of judgment, or lifted up the Pantheon and hung it in the air.

An Interloper among admirable Women, an uncharitable Sister of Charity.—But again to the Albergo dei Poveri. The women are under the superintendence of a community of sisters of charity. It is impossible to see these meritorious and self-devoted women, without feelings of sincere respect; but the venerables, who floated through the wards of the hospital in immense stiffened-out aureoles, were, to say the least, not conciliating. Virtue unretained often makes its way more surely than when it sends a herald before it to knock at our gate, and enforce homage by sound of trumpet. The sister who accompanied us took snuff with an uncharitable air, as if she smelt infection, and glanced us over as if she herself was safe in Abraham's bosom, and we at the purple and fine linen side of the gulf. She would insist on our inspecting some paltry needle-work, and when we declined purchasing, looked venomous. I have so sincere a veneration for these admirable women; the purity of their motives, their courage, zeal, and usefulness belong to so high an order of virtue, that I had almost looked upon them as beings of an intermediate class, with more of heaven than earth about them; consecrated to a mission of tenderness, and fulfilling it as angels might do; and could hardly forgive our cross vulgar old woman for disenchanting me, though it was but for a moment, for I soon returned to my allegiance.

A good Hint to Protestant Churches.—I love the Italian churches with their broad aisles, vast and unfretted—no pews, no divisions, no aristocratical screenings; all kneeling together, the high and mighty, and the lowly, on the same pavement; all sending up their thanksgiving or their prayer, to the same great being in whose eyes all are equal. No dread of vulgar contact, no dread of the tattered penitent. I shall never forget the impression made upon me on my first visit to St Peter's at Rome, by a young lady who came into the church, folded up in a cachmere, and followed by a servant in gorgeous livery; her appearance was that of a *petite maitresse*, as far as dress was concerned, but her air was devout and collected; she passed on slowly to the illuminated shrine of the saint, and inserted herself amidst a group of masons in their working dresses, kneeling with them on the pavement, and praying earnestly. This was beautiful, and similar acts of humility are performed every hour in the day, and in every church in Italy.

* The orange trees of the realm of Grenada, and the citron trees of the Moorish kings. Surely this was no domestic chord touched in the bosom of Madame de Staël, but her sympathy with pomp and ascendancy, and fine words,—with the poetry of power.—*Ed.*

† This is a strange mistake to be made by so discerning a writer, though creditable to her own nature. What! did she never see, or even read, of tears of anger and spite, and rage itself? There are passions of all sorts "too deep for tears;" but the same passions, when thrown upon a sense of their own suffering, may equally be seen weeping. Our fair traveller should have been present at a sermon which we had the pleasure of hearing at Genoa, in which the preacher, a friar, handled this subject with a masterly spirit, though in a florid style. He did not mince the matter with his hearers, male or female; and must have startled many a lacrymose egotism.—*Ed.*

Friends.—Nothing to be done at Sion; so having noted down that the lemon, the orange, the Indian fig, &c. ripen here, forgetting that they are in a Swiss valley, looked out of a window, and saw two young women meet and kiss each other over and over again, and always with a lingering press of hands as if the hearts were over them; perhaps they were, perhaps not. One was much prettier than the other, an inequality sorely against a communion of souls. I wish I were now as devout as I was five-and-twenty years ago, on the subject of friendship. I was then a sincere, an enthusiastic believer; the recollection is still dear to me. But the beautiful drapery in which imagination had enveloped her shadows, was soon torn away by the rude realities of life. Yet I still remember—who can ever forget them?—those delicious day-dreams, those illusions of a confiding nature, to which the heart clings so fondly, so tenaciously; and I still believe in the kind offices of friendship, though I have lost much of my faith in its sincerity. Many a one will do not only an amiable but a disinterested act by a friend, whose weak points they do not hesitate to lay open, and when ridicule has gone its length, quiet their consciences by drawing in with the salvo of "she is an excellent creature, after all, and I love her very sincerely."

"Dieu me garde de mes amis! Quant à mes ennemis, je m'en charge,"—was said in a wise, though bitter spirit. Yet there are no doubt some few susceptible of this fine sentiment in all its purity; indeed I know there are. But the word friendship is too often profaned by its application to vague, unsettled, or entirely worldly feeling; and the sentiment itself is not, I believe, often found in its strength, out of the close domestic circle, where all good feelings take root and flourish, where it is bound up with all the virtues and all the weaknesses of our natures, with love, tenderness, pride, and even with our selfishness and vanity.

As we quitted Sion, I saw the girls still standing in a corner, their eyes growing into each other's,* and their hands joined, as if they defied the powers of envy, jealousy, or distrust, to "rend their ancient love asunder." A cradle friendship probably. Ah! faith is given to the young, and doubt is inflicted on those who advance in life. But I talk of friendship only in the general acceptance of the word; of the closer and dearer ties of intimate kindred, the fire-side ties, who can speak from a more felicitous experience than myself? No one on earth, I believe; I say it in deep thankfulness of spirit, and with the devout and earnest hope of its faithful and long endurance.

[We must have one more batch of extracts, next week, from these interesting volumes.]

* How well said is this! Our charming authoress deserves all the faith and felicity which at the end of this extract, she still describes as belonging to her, notwithstanding her polite life experience, in which friends ridicule one another at all lengths behind their backs, and finish by calling their victims "excellent creatures, after all." *God keep me from my friends,—I can take care of my enemies myself*—is indeed a wise saying for the friends of such friends; but the whole perplexity, as our authoress intimates, arises from an abuse of words. Any body can be convinced that there are real friends in the world by being one himself, and not behaving in the manner above mentioned, even if he has not had the luck (as we have had) of realising friendship in its noblest form on the part of others.—*Ed.*

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HERING.

(THEN BISHOP OF BANGOR)

TO A FRIEND, RESPECTING A SCENE IN WALES.

Kensington, September 11, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I met your letter here on my return from Wales. I bless God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese, to which purpose I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North Wales to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid, if I should be particular in my description, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will stick religiously to truth; and because a little journal of my expedition may be some minutes' amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my last year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with somewhat of a poetical fancy; that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire.* You find by this intimation that my landscapes are likely to be something different from what they were before, for I talk somewhat in the style of Othello—

"—of antres vast, and deserts wide,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven."

* To this (says Dr Knox, very truly) his lordship's letter is one exception; and Ambrose Phillips's poem "from Copenhagen," published in the "Tatler," is another. Mr Haslit refers somewhere to the letter before us, as an excellent one of the descriptive order.

I set upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, secretary, two or three friends, and our servants. The first part of our road lay across the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary morass with here and there a small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary heron watching for frogs. At the end of three miles we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which they told me was but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not come that morning, for we dined soon after out of our own wallet, and though our inn stood in a place of most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a cheerful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a group of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and a woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman in a sick night-cap hanging over the stairs; a boy with crutches fixed in a staring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and would please you or any man of observation; and one reflection gave me particular comfort, that the assembly before us demonstrated, that even here, the influential sun warmed poor mortals and inspired them with the love of music. When we had despatched our meals, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted, and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay. It did so; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it in their language, "the road of kindness." It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for a horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock at whose feet it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vast rock hangs almost over you; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons to just fear, but that I might be in leisure to contemplate in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than we expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I staid, and did business the next day, and the scene was much mended. The country I had hitherto passed through was like one not made by the Father of the Creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine meadows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to pass, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and indeed the whole economy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive what an air of cheerfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire. For I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some of the finest towns and counties in the island. But I must stop, and not use you so unmercifully.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS BANGOR.

The Golden Rule of Love.—I am of opinion that in matter of sentiment there is but one rule, that of rendering the object of our affections happy: all others are invented by vanity.—*De Stael.*

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

ADDISON.

His Dream of a Besieged Town.

THE reason of our choosing this specimen for the present number, will be seen in "The Romance of Real Life." It furnishes one of the most amusing evidences of that fanciful wit, for which, as well as for the purer essence of it, or the amalgamation of remote ideas, Addison is remarkable; and we may observe in it that instinctive spleen, and wish to find fault, which is perhaps no less to be found in him, though veiled in all sorts of delicate zeal for the welfare of his polite readers. He had here got a real story, altogether creditable to the fair sex, and yet he could not help turning it into a satire. Conscious of this mischief himself, he has admirably passed off the joke as a letter from Will Honeycomb, and taxed his imaginary friend with it at the close. The world is too much indebted to Addison to quarrel with him for his wit, however exercised, especially considering the natural temptations to which the faculty is subject; but if Steele had got hold of this story, it would have charmed him into other stories equally true, and equally creditable to his fair friends.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

"Dear Spec,—I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner:—When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart from it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing that they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight that he burst into tears, and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives and received the duke into his favour.

"The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us in our consciences whether we believed that the men in any town of Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and upon the same conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingeniously, in case they had been in the siege above mentioned, and had the same offer made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving. There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bedtime. This filled my mind with such a bundle of ideas, that upon going to sleep, I fell into the following dream.

"I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants so straitened, as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware.

The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back. I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse. I heard her call him dear Pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her; and the fifth, a Bolonia lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to shew her tender regards for him she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth. It would be endless to mention the several persons with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overladen that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

"I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till, upon his nearer approach, I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service from,

"Dear Spec, thine, sleeping and waking,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot, however, dismiss his letter without observing that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST HARD VILLAGE WAYS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

"Solitude," says Lord Bacon, "is fitted only for a wild beast or a god." It is then quite plain that is unfit for man, or woman. There are few who can appreciate the grandeur of that solitude of which the philosopher speaks, it being too far removed from the scale of humanity. The solitude of those who live on the confines of an anti-social village, may be more readily comprehended. In such village it is the hap of the writer to live. Let it not be imagined, that the village is remote from the means and appliances of civilization. On the counter of the principal stationer, is to be seen *The London Journal*, with the lesser satellites, all good in their spheres. Thither all the flower of the village repair, some to deposit treasures too precious to consign to vulgar messengers, (this being also the Post-office,) others in quest of mottoes and valentines; and all, let us hope, finally, to learn urbanity, from the perusal of those worthies. No village can be more famous for forming "Resolutions." But the deposing a superannuated officer in blue, with gold lace, and the election of a successor, duly announced with other magisterial matters, are after all insufficient to excite a perpetual interest. There is one resolution wherein they are not unanimous, and which it is suspected, is the cause of its being in appearance a deserted village. The foot-paths are compounded of the sharpest flints, and

the hugest gravel-stones. They present more angles than ever geometry dreamed of, none of them right angles. It can never be right to place stumbling-blocks in the way of those, who, but for such impediments, might perchance have been social. Were the danger of corns coming in contact with harder excrescences removed, visits might be made and returned in more due season, and thus some of the *fardels* of solitude be mitigated.

Poets may say what they please, but there is a monotony in a country life, which induces a torpor in the mind long used to its influence. Now, dear Editor, you "to the muses have been bound this many a year, by strong indenture," and if you were upon *honour*, you could not affirm, that the country is omnipotent in the construction of poetry, or in the relish for its beauties. Poetry is "all made out of the (poet's) brain," and is independent of situation. You know from whence Milton, Thomson, Goldsmith, *cum multis aliis*, drew oft their inspirations. How many courts and alleys dark have been illuminated by the rays of their genius. Had Mr Tibbs (beau Tibbs) been poetical, he might, in the altitude of his *Prospect*, of which he was so chary, have invoked his muse as successfully, as in any of those domains, whose owners were among his familiars. Lady M. W. Montagu, (who is not cited as a poetical authority,) says of the country, "People mistake much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes them disposed to quarrel," &c. You may say, how can those quarrel who have none to quarrel with! Remember, dear Mentor, that the solitude of our village is not quite so savage. We make up a small family party ourselves, where dissensions might be held in perpetuity, if that were our taste; but being all remarkable for good temper and forbearance, we desire to assemble around us the anti-social, that they may witness the pleasure arising from such happy temperaments. In this laudable pursuit, we crave the benefit of your co-operation, being all, and severally, your constant readers and admirers from "auld lang syne."

G—A PAULINE; 'THE GENERAL;' &c. &c.

August 11th, 1831.

We grant to our fair correspondent that the "country is not *omnipotent*," &c. and that "poetry is made out of the poet's brain;" but then the country helps to put it there. The poet, "in the lake of the heart," (as Dante calls it) reflects every thing; but assuredly the trees and mountains are among the things which he reflects most willingly. We sympathize heartily with our fair friends (and brown) in their wish to see people's "ways" mended, with regard to the facilities of companionship; but might not shoes a little stouter be ventured in, by the stout hearts that so often reside in fair bodies? As to the General, we presume his movements wait upon those of his friends; otherwise he, of course, is not a man to be daunted by these obstacles to his *foot*. The great secret of enjoyment is to pass half one's time in occupation (not merely the name of it), and so build the pleasure of the other half upon that basis. But ladies and gentlemen (as the world goes) are apt to begin their day a little too comfortably, and to enjoy too much of each other's society at once; the consequence of which is, that they get tired of it before it is over. Now, a beautiful day, one would think, might be built up of solitary study or other occupation for half the time,—and books, music, laughing, chatting, &c. the rest, not omitting walks, of course, nor a reasonable number of visits; for the latter would be hardly wanted in any great proportion. If happiness be not thus realized by amiable people, such as our "constant readers," it is for want of something in the ordinances of society at large, and not merely in that of their neighbourhood.

Conveyance of Reproof.—Avoid accompanying your censure with any expression of scorn, with any phraseology which shall convey a wish of your's to degrade or lower the object of your reproof in the social scale.—*Bentham*.

TO GATHERED ROSES.

(IN IMITATION OF HERRICK.)

Sweete floweres! ye were too fair:
With drooping lids
Among your heavie morning teares
I found ye.
Faire buds! I left ye there:
For sorrow bids
Briefe greeting to gay youthe; it feares
To wounde ye.
But, deare roses,—in your noone
That graceful merrie prime,—
I stole away the lovelie boone:
And was it not a crime
To rob the wooing aire of your sweete breath?
Ah! daintie floweres,
The wanton houres
Of mid-day's golden shine,
Will see ye pine
To-morrow,—and so fade away to death!
I've marr'd your blisses,
Those sweete kisses,
That the young breeze so loved yesterdays!
I've seen ye sighing,
Now ye're dying;—
How could I take your prettie lives away?
Sweete floweres, ye were too faire:
Your beautie was youre bane
(To whom is it a gane?)
I would I had not founde ye!—
Faire buds! Dying,—ye are
So verie sweete
That of Death's paine ye do him cheate;—
Ah! I could die with ye arounde me.

ISABELLA JANE TOWERS.

Pinkney's Green.

'YOUR ADDRESS.'

(For the London Journal.)

[The following lively and various article has been sent us by some civic observer, who furnishes estimable evidence of the advance of knowledge and reflection among the middle classes, both in his own person and in those of his friends.]

"Give me your address!" is a very common expression amongst all people moving in what may be called respectable society; but as we descend a little lower in the scale, we then hear asked, what just answers the same purpose, "Where do you live?" Now, although the one equally answers to the other in the end, there is yet a very marked and great distinction betwixt the two. In the former, the person applied to gives his address merely as where he can be heard of or spoken to, perhaps accompanied by a parenthesis, "from 12 to 4 o'clock." The latter, again, is in general given as the bona fide residence, name of the street and number, verbatim. I lately mused on this subject in going to make a call on a person living in rather an intricate part of this great metropolis, and having passed street after street, and square after square, in which I thought it just as likely he might live as anywhere else, after many turnings and windings, I found him correctly enough at the place and number given. It was like the solution of a problem in Euclid, or a question in Dillworth—equals to equals—side to side—second to the right, first to the left (for so I was told by a baker), on the right 37 will be found, which accordingly was the point I required. On going along, I could not help revolving in my mind this daily and familiar expression which I think is seldom sufficiently noticed; for, although it is not the "silver link and silken tie" of the poet, I consider it as the mighty chain that links the great mass of society, and that binds us all, as it were, in one body.

Now as I merely purpose giving a few ideas which keep floating in my mind on this subject, I shall not enter into the various definitions of the word itself, which might be used with propriety in a thousand different ways. For instance, we say "He addressed us in so rude a manner we were obliged to leave;" "The King read the address from the throne in a firm and audible voice—My Lords and Gentlemen, &c.;" "He spoke the address on the stage beautifully;" "He is really good looking and handsome, but he has a very awkward address." Again we hear it said "She is not considered pretty, but what a pleasing and elegant

address!" and if there is any thing that the ladies—dear creatures—do not possess, in communion with us, it is that we have the privilege of paying our address, but to their credit be it spoken, it may oftentimes be ranked amongst the rejected.

But confining myself to the original idea with which I began, that of residence, I shall in the first place notice when a person first comes to London. He proceeds to find out a good lodging in some respectable street, in order that he may give "a good address," which really must be considered as a very proper feeling. Others bearing the idea of Johnson in mind (to get the greatest saving) live in a garret, and give their address at a coffee-house hard by.

Following this idea a little further, the various club-houses, in Waterloo-place and St James's street, may be considered respectable cards of address, and the subscribers to them merely go there to lounge, read the papers, and dine, at the same time domiciling in some respectable tradesman's first or second floor, according to their circumstances. Surgeons, lawyers, and other professional men, are found of a good address. I have known persons of this class, who would rather sacrifice their comfort than forego the proud distinction of having a good address, such as Harley street, Wimpole street, or Portland place, although incidentally you may find washerwomen living at the west-end, and mechanics in May Fair.

In the second place there is scarcely anything we should exercise our discretion in more strictly than in giving our address. This I would strongly impress on all, from "buxom youth to mellow age." It has sometimes good results—it very often has evil. I have known a conceived insult at the theatre, which would have been resented on the spot, and might have led to shame and confusion of face, very quietly settled by "Your address, sir."—"My card, sir." The parties went home with it in their pockets, slept, and never saw, heard, or thought of each other again; thus most courteously preventing a duel in Chalk Farm or Battersea Fields. I once had an address card put into my hand in some spree of this kind, when, on looking on the card afterwards, I found it to be that of a gentleman belonging to the Treasury, and a friend of my own, which had been given either by mistake or design. Had I perceived so on the instant, who can tell what might have been the consequence? Perhaps it was picked up at some house where he had occasion to call, as I lately could have filled both pockets at a dress-maker's in Albemarle street, who had with great seeming industry stuck about a thousand all round a glass, as if to make one believe she was visited by "all the world and his wife." Very often, however, the effects of giving an address are evil. At a trial at Westminster, within these six months, in which I was personally interested—the case was this:—Two gentlemen coming from Richmond were jostled by three fellows; one, a journeyman watchmaker, living in the purlieus of Clerkenwell, and who then and there demanded their address, which was immediately given without any consideration. When it was found to be respectable, they trumped up a story about losing watches, and, after a trial of three hours, were scouted out of court, but left the gentlemen most vexatiously to pay their own costs. This, as was justly remarked by one of the counsel, was all occasioned by giving an address to parties of their stamp and character.

Losing an address and having none, are other great evils. I have known many beautiful effusions of the heart lost to the world from this very cause; and I now have a letter before me written in the most affectionate and explanatory terms, to a young lady by a gentleman, who, doubtless, in the ardour of his love had not sufficiently attended to the address, which consequently fell into my hands; and was therefore lost to her, purely through a wrong address. It may be the parties are now wide as the poles asunder; and how often does it happen when we walk forth in the populous streets of this city, or when we are perhaps quietly seated inside a stage-coach, going along like the "Jolly young waterman," thinking of nothing at all, we are agreeably joined by blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes, the owner of which, as if by enchantment, almost makes one's heart her own. We feel this—we would instantly declare this—if prudence did not whisper in a tone of doubt—"You do not know her address." I should be inclined to suggest the propriety of each person, male as well as female, carrying "their address" in some way or other where it might be seen and read; it might save a great deal of unnecessary disappointment, and a great deal of unnecessary importunity and impudence, which the fair sex, I dare say, often endure. I lately had the curiosity to inquire the object of an old woman, whom I observed wandering as Adagio, and grave as Jomelli's ghost, simply looking at every door and number in a street, in Westminster. She said she had come up from the country to see her son, but having lost his address would be forced to return again. It is curious to consider an address in this way. We hear perhaps of a friend or a lady being in town, and wonder much we do not see them, or have a call. We write to their friends—a thir-

teen-penny-halfpenny comes in return. We set out some fine morning after breakfast, when in good humour with oneself and all the world; and after bending one's steps to St John's Wood or Hackney, find the object almost without any trouble, enjoying all the luxuries and happiness of an English fireside. Thus an address is a complete leading-string to our object, for while we have the address of any of our friends we cannot say they are lost to us, although they may be far—far away. Again, I ever look with suspicion when I find that a person cannot readily give his address, and the inquiry sometimes acts as a kind of touchstone. The tongue falters; you no longer look on a countenance void of expression, a barber's block, or a graven image; but the face assumes a complexion of a kind which to the observant eye cannot be mistaken for the blush of innocence, or hue of health. No. 'Tis because its head reposes on some dirty pillow in the neighbourhood of Manilla place, or the boundaries of the King's Bench. Though some there are who, lost to every sense of feeling in this respect, care not who knows their address, and who go on like the Caird in Burns's Jolly Beggars, saying,—

"Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

I was lately led into a curious speculation of certain classes of persons, who have no fixed residence or "address." Such as travellers, soldiers, and sailors; but first of all let me begin with myself. I often find myself in a humour to be alone, although I cannot imagine my own company half so delightful as Lord Ogilby's picture of himself, when alone, in the Clandestine Marriage. However, I sometimes steal away for a day or so, and place myself in the corner of some inn, in the suburbs, where I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being beyond the reach of anything like a twopenny-post man's knock, my address being for the time known to no single creature in the world, except myself; and there are people in this mighty Babylon, who "live and move and have their being" no person knows nor cares where (a hermit in London is proverbial); who live almost without the aid of the world, and who die (I may say) without an address. Again, a friend goes to visit the falls of Niagara and America. He may, meanwhile, be considered quite out of the world, in regard to us; suddenly we receive to our great joy, a ship letter containing his address. He thus immediately becomes again one of our kindred. A friend of mine lately related to me rather a curious incident of this kind. In the summer of last year, he left his house in Bond street, and after visiting various places in the north, during which time (about three weeks) he had not written home, nor heard from thence, he found himself curiously situated, and quite alone, on some stepping stones, which led a considerable way into a lock, somewhere betwixt Loch Lomond and Loch Tay. It all at once occurred to him, that he stood, as it were, alone in the midst of the world. On casting his eyes around, it so happened as if every moving and creeping thing on the face of the earth had hid itself. No lambskins sported near, nor shepherds piped on the lea. The descending sun was casting its long streaks of light and shade on the scene, shadowing the sides of the mighty hills, deep and motionless, into the waters of the lake, which all the "chalk and reel" of Salvator Rosa or Claude can give but a faint idea of. As he looked around on this calm and pleasing prospect, he was struck with the grandeur of the panorama. The mountains, near and at a distance, seemed by their profound stillness to be awaiting some awful event that was about to befall. Yet he thought of "home and beauty"—he thought of Bond street—he thought of scales, weights, and measures—of the many pounds of tea and coffee that had that morning been served out to the many unwashed housemaids from the streets adjacent to his establishment. As to his young men, they knew nothing save that his name stood as bright in the gold letters above his door as ever, and that the shop was kept as regularly open from morning till night, as before. He also imagined that as many carriages and people would be passing his windows, as when he himself stood at the door of his house. But now, where was he? On the bounds of eternity! "Awful thought!" said he to himself; "were I to jump a yard, or perhaps stir a foot, I might never again be heard of, my address being known only to myself; and having no relations, my goods and my chattels, what would become of them in all the world!"

Again, we may consider a correct address of the first importance in a commercial point of view. But for this, commerce, both by sea and land, would soon stand still. Look at this city, for instance, and at the recent returns of the Post Office, which show such a large sum coming yearly into the hands of Government, from being enveloped in an improper address; and at the West-end, morning visits, evening calls, *soirées*, and *conversations*, would be all at an end, but for this one thing. Changing our address is oftentimes attended with bad consequences, both to business and friends. An ac-

quaintance of mine, who had lived in Archangel, for some years, did not receive my last letter to him. When he came to London, he called on me as before. I was gone no one knew where; he gave up, as hopeless, the idea of finding me. But the very day before he sailed again for the White Sea, he met me near Hamlet's, the jeweller's, and accosted me thus; "My dear fellow, I am truly glad to see you, only think what an extraordinary thing my meeting you amongst one million and half of people without an address!" A wide address may be considered as a great object of ambition, and may serve, if duly considered in well-regulated minds, to stimulate the youth of the present day to more than ordinary exertion. This kind of address has been enjoyed by some of our most eminent men in commerce and literature; thus—Kirkman Finlay, Glasgow—Dr Brewster, Edinburgh—Henry Brougham, London—Benjamin Constant, Paris—Washington Irving, America—Dr Herschel, Europe.

To conclude this sketch. Sailors may be considered as having no address, they being so often, as it were, out of the pale of society. They may send to us—we cannot send to them. This circumstance no doubt must have grieved the heart of the gallant poet, Dorset, when he wrote that beautiful address "To all you Ladies now at Land," for no answer could come in return to men whose post was the tide, and whose address was the sea.

BONNET, THE NATURALIST,

AND A VISITOR AT FAULX.

THIS is from the travels of Mathison, the German writer. We do not see the "inexpressible forbearance and benevolence" of Bonnet towards his visitor; though his conduct was truly polite and good natured, and worthy of a man of sense. Neither is the poor traveller despised: he at least meant well. But the scene is amusing.

Three days ago, I was at Geneva, and dined at a *table d'hôte*. A young Englishman sat by me, whom I soon recognised as one of the storks in Lessing's well-known fable, who, in their excursions, seldom concerned themselves with anything except to ascertain the topography of frog-ditches. He asked me where Bonnet lived; this introduced a conversation among us, which at length led to my inquiring if he had ever read any of Bonnet's works. "No; I know nothing at all about him, but he is here in my list," and immediately taking out a pocket-book, he produced a paper, whence he read the following inventory of things worthy of observation in Geneva:—I. The Portico of St Peter's Church;—II. The Junction of the Arve with the Rhone;—III. Sausure's Cabinet of Natural Curiosities;—IV. Monsieur Bonnet;—V. Monsieur Bourrit. "As you have never read any of his works then," said I, "might it not be as well to go to the bookseller's and get him to shew you some: his *Contemplation de la Nature*, for instance,—read some chapters, and you would then not only be less embarrassed in case he should ask you whether you are at all acquainted with his writings, but you would, I am sure, have very great pleasure in the perusal."

He thanked me for my advice, which he said he would certainly follow, and then left me, after having carefully entered the name of Bonnet's place of abode in his pocket-book.

Yesterday, after dinner, as we were playing at chess, a foreigner was introduced, whom I immediately recollected to be the person I had seen before. Bonnet received him with that cordiality and conciliatory kindness with which you are so well acquainted, and begged him to sit down on the sofa. After the conversation had run through the customary forms of "Whence come you?" and "Whither are you going?" &c. &c., Bonnet addressed him—

"You have probably occupied yourself, sir, with speculative philosophy?"

"No, not at all, but I saw all your works yesterday."

"Saw them!"—He stopped short, but supposing that the young man who spoke French very ill, had made use of some wrong expression, immediately proceeded:—"It would make me very happy if my writings afforded you any entertainment. Might anything in particular strike you?"

"Yes, yes, indeed, the Glaciers in particular, for they are all *excellens naturels*."—I gave you his own expressions.

There was no occasion for an (Edipus here to divine that, according to my advice, he had been to a bookseller's where, confusing Bonnet with Bourrit as they stood together on his list, he had inquired for the works of the latter, and had seen his travels in the Alps, the engravings in which had probably attracted his attention, and were the only part of which he had any idea. Bonnet immediately perceived his mistake, and it was really quite affecting to see how, instead of taking advantage of it and leading him on to stumble further and further, so as to produce a *piquant* scene, (as an hundred others would have done

in his place), he instantly with inexpressible forbearance and benevolence gave the conversation another turn, and asked him many questions about his own country, his family, and even about his horses and dogs.

Such traits as these, which at the first glance, may appear insignificant, are however those by means of which Plutarch, in his Biography, gives such impressive pictures, and which so completely delude the imagination, that Timoleon, Dion, and Philopœmen do not appear as spirits called forth from the hoary ages of antiquity, but as intimate friends, with whom we have lived in social intercourse for many years, in the same town at least, if not under the same roof. And, after all, this kind of forbearance is one of the most amiable features in the human character, and perhaps one of the most difficult to practice.

THE RETURN.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
C. MÜCHLER.

Art thou the land with which my fancy teems,
Whose golden plains once brightly round me shone?
Which oft hath shed sweet magic o'er my dreams,
And cheer'd thee up on hope when feeble grown?
Art thou the land? Art thou the land?
I greet thee, I greet thee, O my fatherland!

Art thou the town, beside the rippling stream,
Tow'rd which, in sadness, oft my eye I've cast?
Where life's unclouded spring did on me beam,
And the young hours in thrilling pleasure pass'd?
Art thou the town? Art thou the town?
To thee, to thee I come, O native town!

Art thou the home in which my cradle stood,
Where sorrow's bitter pang I never knew?
The future there appeared a glowing flood,
The world a path, where joys celestial grew.
Art thou the home? Art thou the home?
Receive me once again, paternal home!

Are ye the meads? Art thou the peaceful vale,
Which oft at silent eve, I've blithely crossed?
My spirit then would o'er your bound'ries steal,
Until each trace in fading blue was lost.
Are ye the meads? Are ye the meads?
Receive me once again, O native meads!

Could I here rest, and rural joys be mine,
The storm would cease—a brighter morning break;
My pilgrim-staff I'd to the brook consign,
And, borne by friendship, life's last journey take
To thee, O grave—To thee, O grave,
Where rest my fathers; gladly, then, O grave!

Art of being Obeyed.—The mandate which exacts obedience may lose the despotic character with which harshness would invest it, and become even pleasurable, if communicated in forms and terms of kindness. Men there are, whom to serve, is in itself pleasurable, from the consideration for the feelings of others which accompanies their demands for service.—*Bentham.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) and our cordial friend Mr D. who sent it us. Also to Mr L. who wrote to us on Windown, and sent us the magazines. And to the other Mr L. who forwarded the book on the Metropolis. The approbation of these gentlemen has highly gratified us.

The letter on "Swearing" in our next.

In reply to our Correspondent's answer, we asked the age of the writer on "Gallantry," because, if young, (as we find he is,) there is promise in his writing, though it is hardly yet ripe enough for publication. The same observation applies to our modest friend TESTATOR.

Mr Lewis is informed that the whole of Mr Shelley's poetical works are to be had (together with those of Coleridge and Keats) in one large volume, octavo, published in Paris by Galignani. We believe also that a London edition, in small volumes, has lately been completed.

The "Musings on a Stone" shall be carefully read, and the answer given next week.

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